

824 So. Hoover Street
Los Angeles 5, Calif.
July 1, 1954.

Frank Scully,
2071 Grace Avenue,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully:

As per my report to Mrs. Scully over the phone, at approximately 3:50 pm today, Thursday July 1st, 1954, I sighted the following described object while a passenger on the "V" streetcar as it slowed to make a stop at Wilshire Blvd., in Los Angeles. The car was headed south on Vermont, and I was sitting next to an open window on the east side of the car, at the rear, in the last seat in the row. I had been gazing absentmindedly out the window toward the sky, when suddenly I spotted a large silver-surfaced craft hovering in the sky to the southeast. It was shaped like a huge elongated egg, with the widest curve to its front or nose. It was absolutely smooth, no windows, cabins or apertures showing, and the lengthwise central portion gleamed in the afternoon sun. It had two fins, the most distinct and largest being toward the tail of the craft; another and possibly smaller one toward the center, slightly below the middle. The fins pointed back, toward the tail of the craft, as a fish's fins do when swimming. No wings or anything of that kind-- just a smooth, well-rounded structure the shape of an egg, with the above described fins. I would judge it was about a half mile-- maybe 3/4ths of a mile--above the ground, and approximately a mile and half distant from me-- possibly closer.

It was a solid object, with a distinct outline and a silvery metallic appearance. It was unlike any metal or texture I'd ever seen, but "silver" comes closest to describing the surface. Yet it was not a mirror-like surface of polished new silver, but opaque silver-white, somewhat like a new coat of aluminum paint, but lighter in tone. It was such an astonishing sight that I just gaped at it for a moment; then my first impulse was to yell to the other passengers, "Hey, look at that thing-- don't you see THAT THING?" but I thought better of it, and the next moment, while keeping an eye on the craft as long as possible, I got off the streetcar and hurried across Wilshire to the southwest corner. As I crossed the street, the buildings at the southeast corner obstructed my view and when I could look again at the spot where the craft had been hovering, it was no longer visible. In spite of that, I craned my neck every which way (any one who may have watched me must have wondered what was going on since there was nothing visible in the sky) trying to locate the elusive silver ship, but after several minutes of this, I boarded a Wilshire bus and continued on to Hoover where I disembarked. While on the bus, I searched the sky, and again when I was on the street at Wilshire and Hoover, but the odd craft had completely vanished. Another strange thing was that it had made no sound. Had it been ordinary aircraft, the sound of the motor would have been heard when I first saw it hovering above the buildings southeast of Wilshire and Vermont. It certainly appeared to be close enough for that. I was especially impressed with its size and bulk --about 4 times the size of a full moon would be a very conservative estimate.

As soon as I reached home I telephoned Mrs. Miller; she was out so I reported the sighting to her son, Max B. Miller, who suggested I call the Pasadena Filter Center, which I did, and described the observation as given above. I answered all their questions fully, and gave them my name, address and phone number. They assured me they would make a thorough check with official sources where such reports are investigated, and inform me by phone as soon as they had any information. They did so, but all they could say to me when they telephoned later was that I had "seen something" of a highly restricted, classified nature. Their source refused to divulge any further information. So whatever it was, it still remains an unsolved mystery to this observer.

If you should like to query me further, my telephone number is: DUnkirk 22081.

I would be glad to hear from you.

Sincerely,

Mrs. H. V. Goodell.

Mr. Haydon Is Ready To Go To Venus!

Herbert W. Haydon, 95 Moorland - road, Weston-super-Mare: With reference to the recent report of a space ship following a Strato-cruiser for some 80 miles, I observe this incident is described as a mystery. As the first public lecturer on flying saucers in this country, let me assert that this ship was a parent space ship to the smaller flying space ships which we call flying saucers.

This ship came from the planet Venus, and the saucers it carries are ejected into the earth's atmosphere to examine our earthly activities with atomic and hydrogen bomb explosions.

I have a diagram of this parent ship, which is as long as the "Queen Elizabeth," and is propelled by using the solar magnetic system of radiated lines of force. Its speed is the same as the force fields, viz., 186,000 miles per second. Hence its amazing appearance and disappearance.

Let me further explain that it did not change its shape as suggested; this was an optical illusion caused by light waves playing upon the translucent body of the space carrier.

Again, these space ships have already made sheer "junk" of all earth's aeroplanes, atomic and rocket devices, and can pound to pieces every man-made device at will. Fortunately for all earthites, the attitude of the Venusians is quite friendly; in fact, that of saviours.

Their planet has abundant life, although its oxygen content is much less than ours, and they already have two human beings, a man and a woman, who have elected to fly to Venus to see what are the conditions of life for them there. At the moment they are being carefully kept in a special house, and are free to return to earth when they wish, with all their papers of citizenship.

Venus has found our atomic bomb activities are affecting their planet, where, be it said, they have

abolished all war, together with money and the selfishness and greed that accompany both.

Their purpose in visiting this earth is to make sure we are not going to injure their planet. If they find we are so doing, they will surely step in and stop us, both for our own good and their own.

As a believer, I am daily waiting to be taken to Venus on a return flying saucer trip, so that I can bear public testimony to the existence of space ships, their missions and all the facts. I am hoping to stand beside George Adamski, the only known human being to hold intercourse with a space ship pilot, on the platform at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on September 22nd next.

The Venusites are determined that no earthly atomic explosions shall ruin their planet, and are so powerful by comparison with us, that we are already puppets in their hands. The utter ludicrous position of our scientific children, and our airforce mandarins, to me, stand out as instances of the most stubborn form of ignorance I can imagine in our scientific world.

I am at liberty to state, too, that Venus has its eye firmly fixed upon the activities of Russia, who, they inform us, despite her profession of peace, is definitely trying to establish a world-wide dominated Communistic State.

Venus states that Russia already had an underwater bomb, which, if exploded, would rock the oceans of the world, and sink ships like the "Queen Elizabeth" like coracles. Remember, Russia is a land power, and will go down into Palestine in the near future.

You will not get much information from the Higher Powers of this country. I well recall my first lecture in the West on flying saucers, and the unprintable things that were said about me at the time. To-day I get quite a chuckle when I think of such remarks, and am waiting to meet some of my scoffers and critics. Finally, Earthites, beware of coming events, as you have now been warned by one of your own prophets.

Reprinted from the "Weston Mercury," Friday, July 9, 1954.

Herb Haydon
16/9/54

Mr. Haydon Is Ready To Go To

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H.W. Haydon
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Registered Address—

95, MOORLAND ROAD, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, ENGLAND.

16th September 1954.

Mr Frank Sully,
Bedside Manbr,
2072 Grace Avenue,
Hollywood,
California.U.S.A.

Dear Friend Sully,

A lot of "saucerian" water has run under our bridge since your much valued letter of April 14th last, and I expect on your part the same thing has happened on your side of the Atlantic.

The most important thing that has happened to me is the publication of my letter in our local press, a copy of which I send you herewith.

This letter really shook up this community more than any other topic I think the paper ever printed, although in the past they have actually printed a leading article about me, no mean mark of respect I suppose.

I was hoping to be at our Royal Albert Hall, London on the 22:nd inst to hear George Adamski, but the publishers of his dual written book with Desmond Leslie wrote me to say that the doctors had forbidden Adamski owing to chronic chest trouble to leave the U.S.A for 12 months, and that I take it is the reason why Desmond Leslie his co-writer is now in your country with Adamski.

A week-end London paper publishes an account of some letters and cables Leslie had written back to his wife in London re his experiences.

One of these announcements is that Leslie before going out to the U.S.A had never seen a saucer, but now he cables he has seen 12. I sent his wife a copy of my letter such as you have herein.

Surely but slowly we are forcing the British folk to admit there are such things as flying saucers, and you can imagine what a hot brick I threw into some of the assemblies here that just ridicule the idea.

What a blinding thing prejudice and ignorance is to be sure, and I wonder many times where our advanced education comes in when such matters as saucers are lectured on, and scoffed

and ridiculed by the "intelligenta of our time.

I do a bit of stage entertaining at times and one of my acts shows a blue beard mounted upon an easel.

I announce that I am about to phrenologise the human race in figures, and my beard finally shows the following analysis.

The human race totals 100%.

50% Cant think,

30% Went "

10% cany DO think,

and

10% are lunatics-(inside and outside the institutions.

Question to the audience- Where do you place yourself?????

Well I am about to arragge a series of winter lectures here up and down the country, my title being "Do Flying Saucers Exist?, and I say to my meeting organisers that I am afraid of no person, and to let them all come and blaze away with all the questions they like to fire at the end of my discourse.

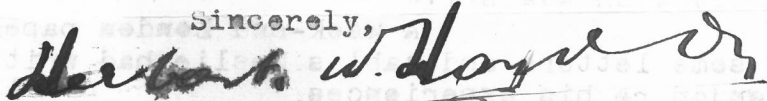
I have read Adamski-Leslie's book, and another publication from your side by Donald Keyhoe (We nickname him Keyhole) but have always advocated your book, and I held it as a real test book here, and think it the finest analysis so far I have come across.

I should in due course much appreciate any comments upon my letter and my claims therein.

Some folk began to wonder if it was not time that I was "certified" as being in need of special care and attention, but when they come to my lectures they get quite another view of me and my claims.

The chap that amuses me is the one who says after my lecture, "I have an OPEN mind on the subject", to which I retort that simply means you dont believe, or if you are inclined to you are afraid of what other folk will say of you. Well Friend Scully it was ever thus, Gallilee, Marconi and many others went through the same scientific mangle, ere they were recognised I am in two minds what "saucers" have done for me in this part of our world, as the dividing line between fame and notoriety is very thin. Happy days and best wishes,

Sincerely,



(First Public Lecturer on Flying Saucers in the British Isles)

Maurene Rider Chenoweth
55 Pineapple Street
BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

September 1, 1955.

Dear Mr. Scully,

Many thanks for your nice letter; my nephew and I are most appreciative of your efforts. I honestly don't know how to find a school with a magnetism enthusiast as of course these days all the Physics Departments are nuclear fissionists. Eventually magnetism will come into its own and my nephew wants to be among those present when that happens.

Yes I have noted how very well BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS has stood up. I read everything that I can lay my hands on about the saucers and none of the new things have any more concrete information than you gave originally. It's so unfortunate that this story has met with such stubborn opposition from obviously high places because there are many of us who would love to watch it develop but then on the other hand there are probably a far greater number of us who would be scared to death so that's that. By the way, I saw a saucer myself last summer, right in Brooklyn, over New York harbor. It looked like the little red ball that used to dance on the old movie song-fest films and I'd like to hear the Air Force talk that description away!

I am 'way ahead of you on CROSS MY HEART. It's already jotted down in my little book.

Many thanks again.

Sincerely,

Maurene Chenoweth